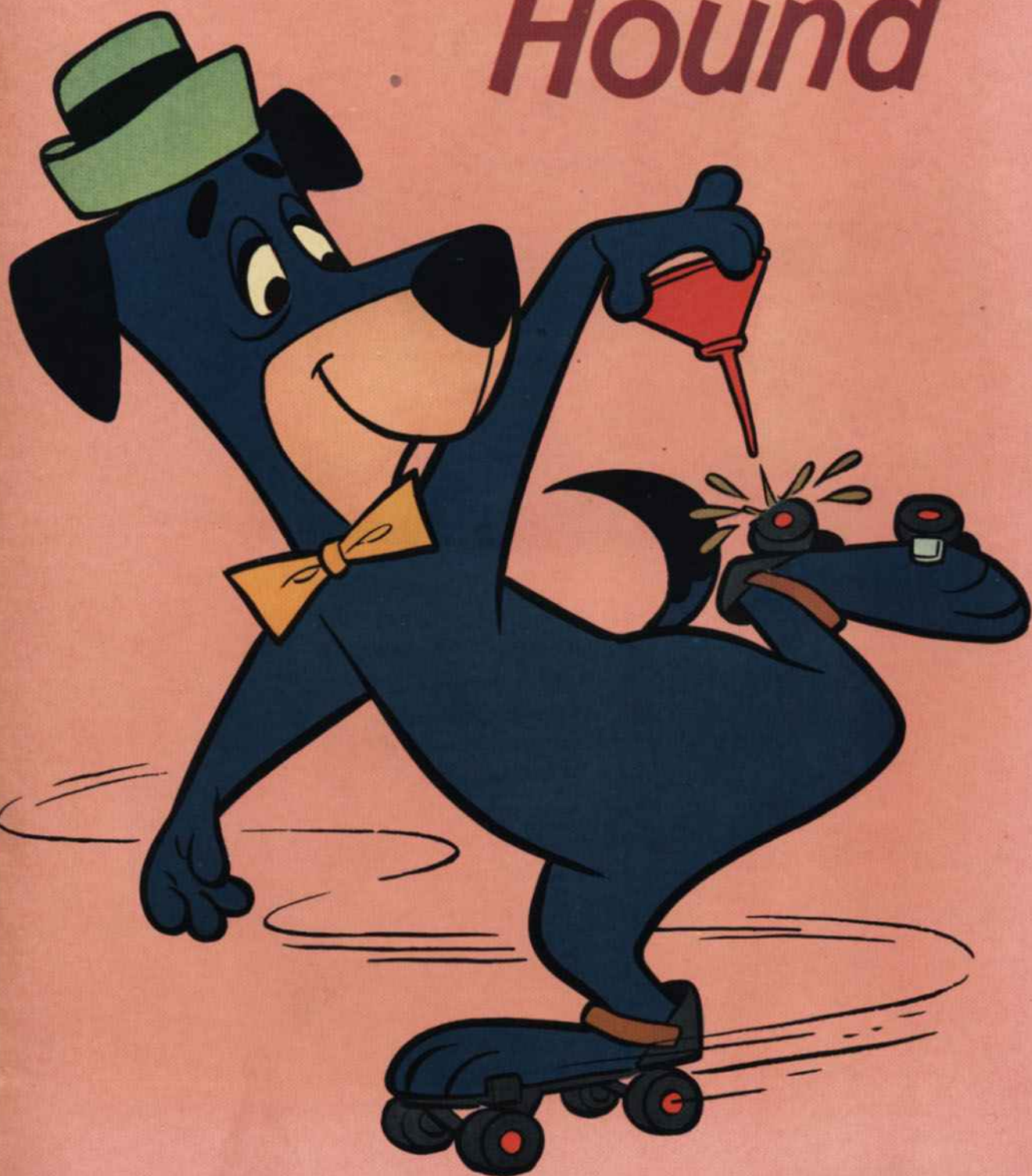


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DELL®  
15¢

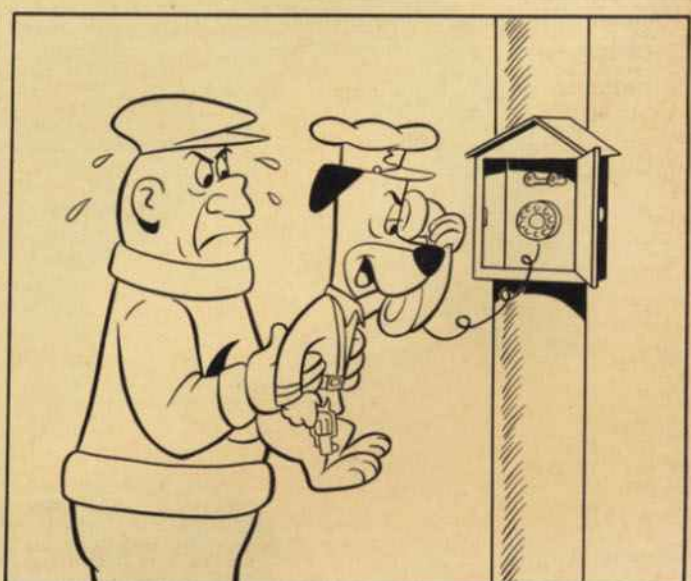
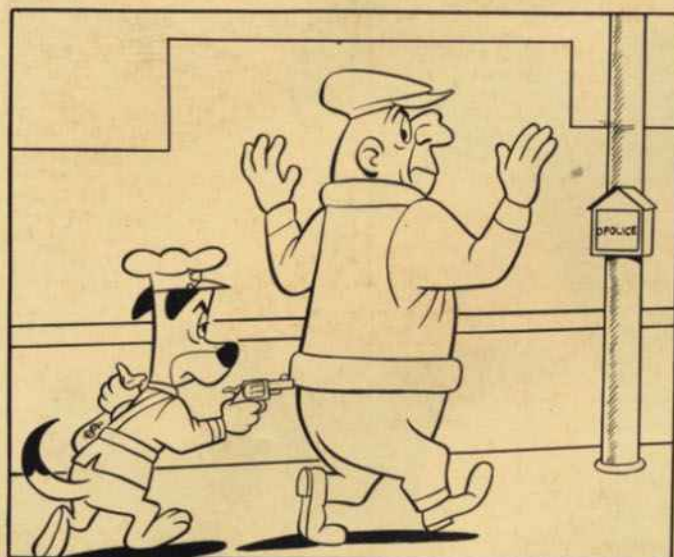
APRIL

# Huckleberry Hound



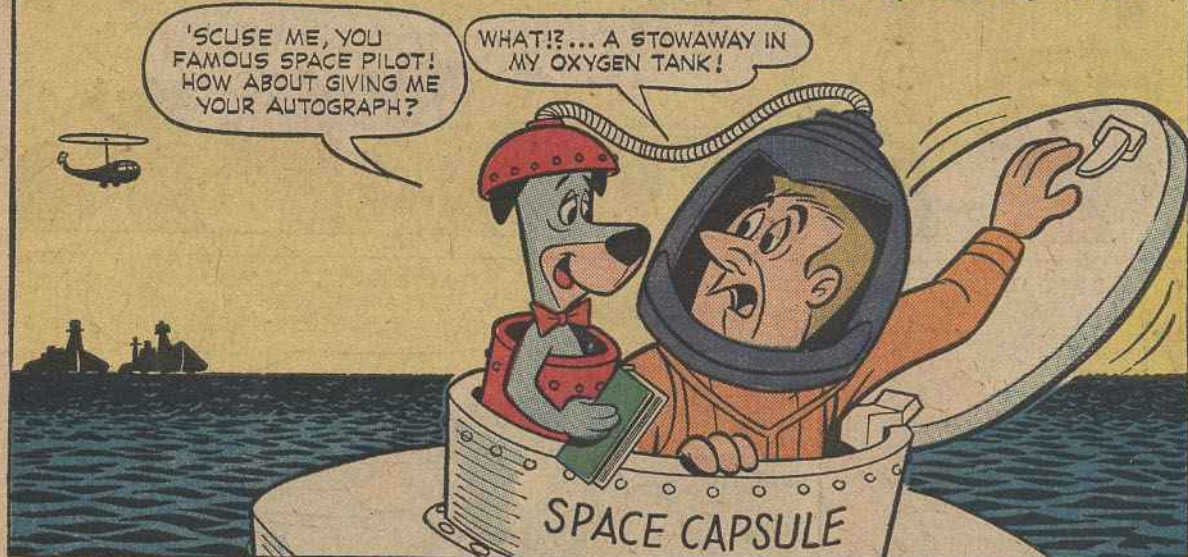
# Huckleberry Hound

## THE HOLDUP





# Huckleberry Hound AUTOGRAPH HOUND

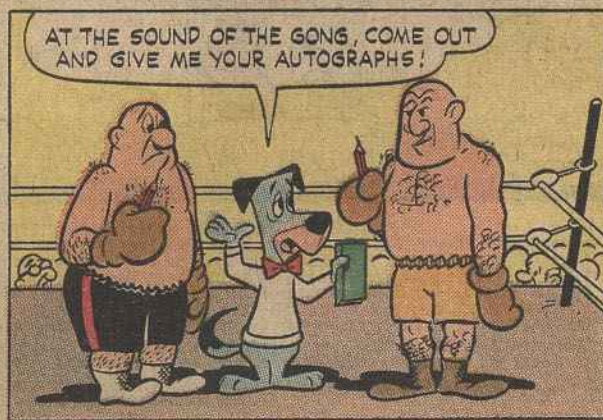


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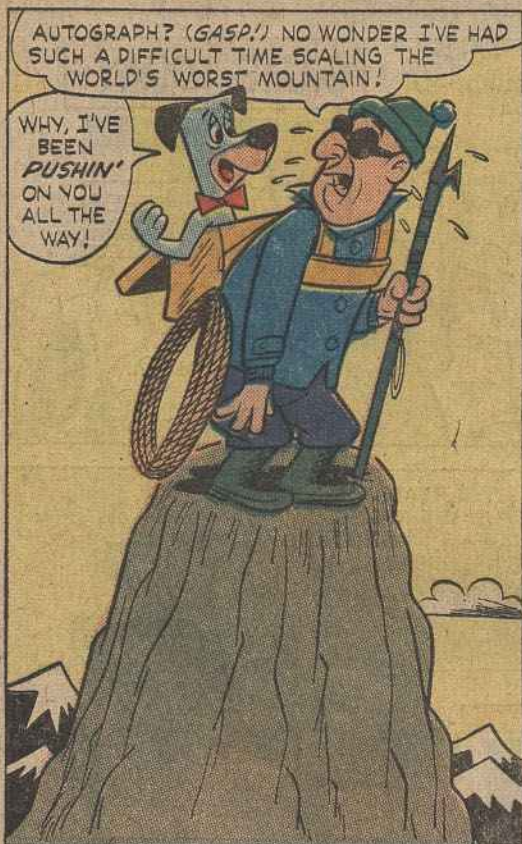
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NOBODY IS SAFE... THAT IS, HUCK GOES ON TO GATHER MORE AND MORE AUTOGRAPHS. . .



HUCKLEBERRY EVEN GETS THE AUTOGRAPH OF THAT  
FAMOUS ANTISOCIAL ADVENTURER, BANG-BANG McBUCK...



AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, TOO. . .



SO, THROUGH CONSTANT VIGILANCE, HUCK  
HOLDS HIS TITLE AS PRESIDENT OF THE  
AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS' CLUB. . .



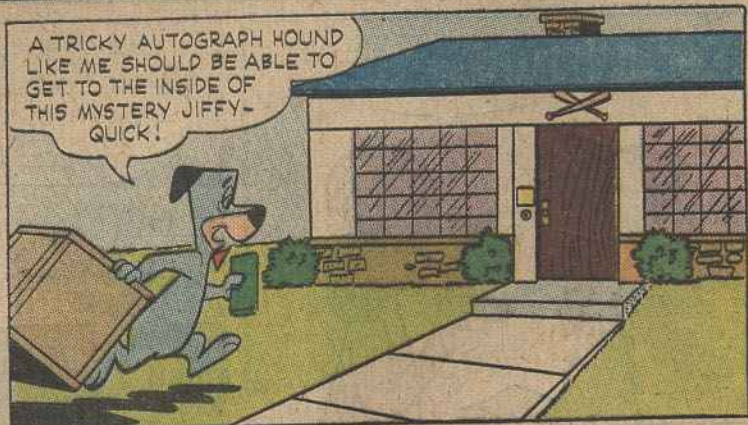
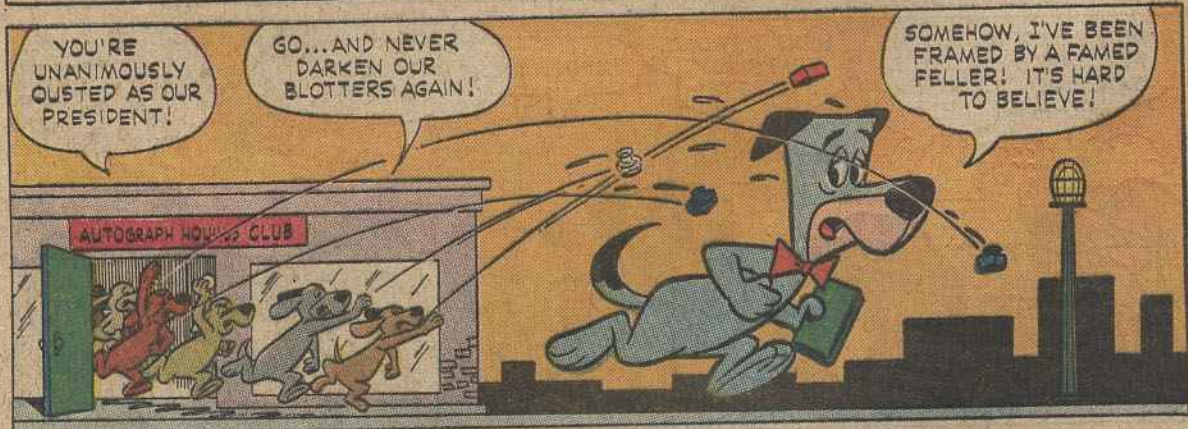




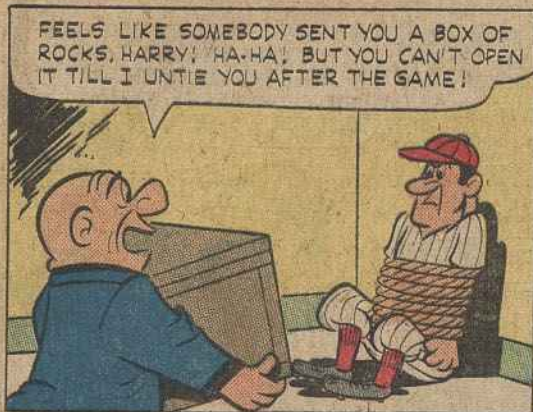














AND SO...

THANKS TO YOU, HUCK, I STILL HAVE TIME TO MAKE IT TO THE GAME! HOW CAN I REWARD YOU... SEASON'S TICKET?

YOUR AUTOGRAPH IS ALL I CRAVE!

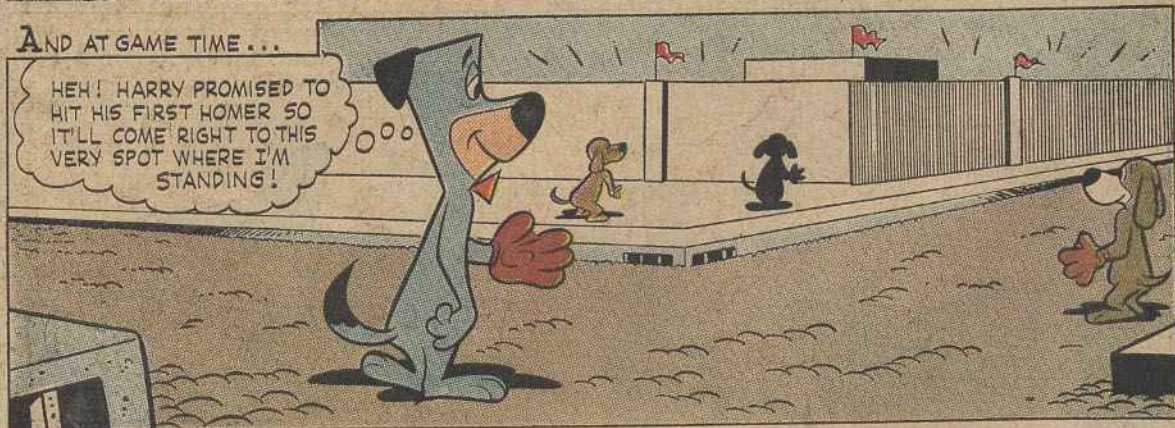


SORRY, IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR TO MY OTHER FANS! I ONLY AUTOGRAPH MY OVER-THE-FENCE HOMERS! HMMM! BUT FOR A SPECIAL FRIEND LIKE YOU...



AND AT GAME TIME...

HEH! HARRY PROMISED TO HIT HIS FIRST HOMER SO IT'LL COME RIGHT TO THIS VERY SPOT WHERE I'M STANDING!



BOINK!

OW!

AW, WAKE UP, HUCK... YOU MISSED HOME RUN HARRY'S HOME RUN!



WELL, YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK NOW! HE WON'T AUTOGRAPH ANYTHING BUT THE BALL!

OH, YEAH? WELL, BET'CHA I CAN GET HIS AUTOGRAPH ON THE NEXT BEST THING!



So...

HOORAY FOR PRESIDENT HUCK! WHEN IT COMES TO COLLECTING AUTOGRAPHS HE REALLY *USES HIS HEAD!*

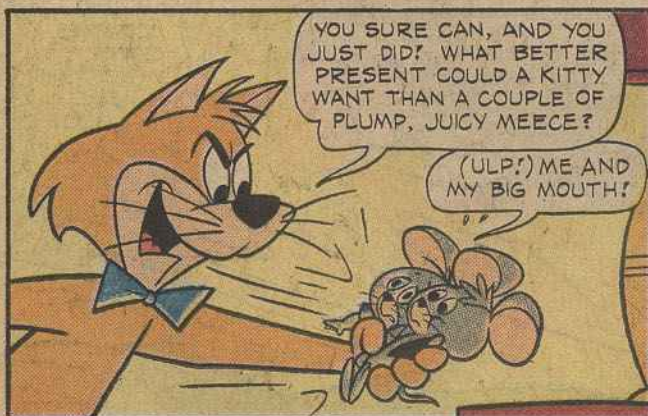
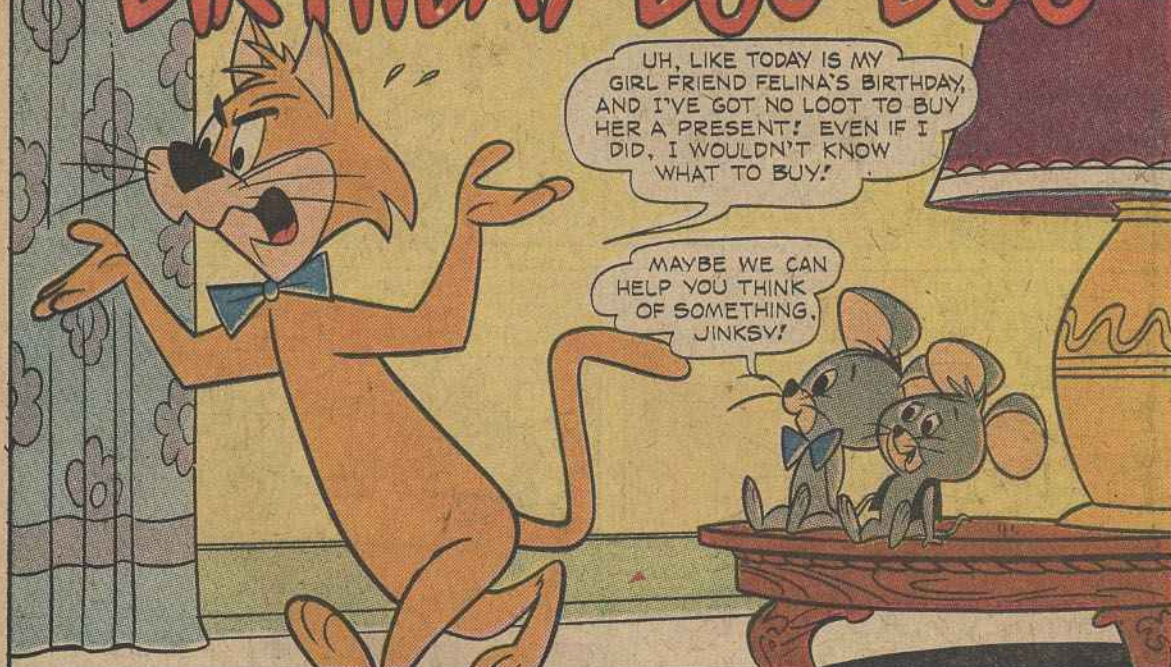


the END



PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

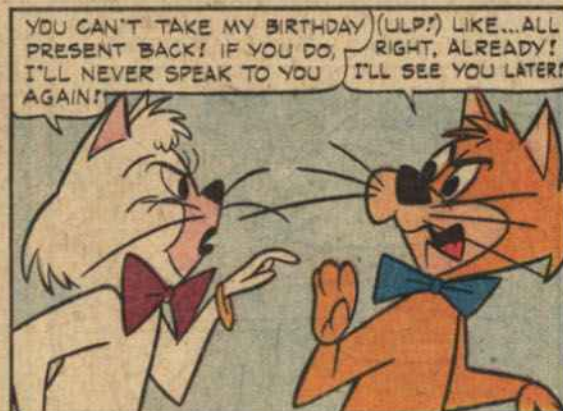
# BIRTHDAY BOO-BOO



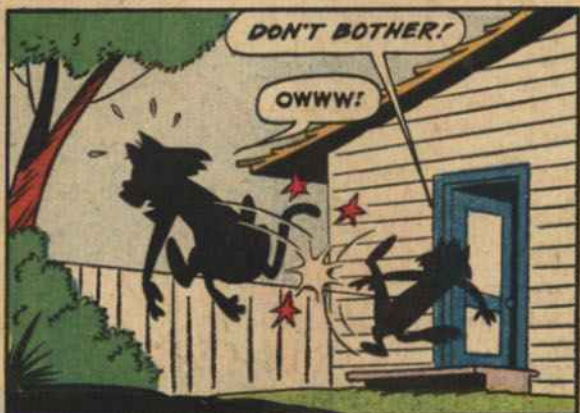














# Huckleberry Hound THE GREAT PLANE ROBBERY



ARE YOU ALL SET,  
TEST PILOT  
HUCKLEBERRY?

JUST AS SOON AS  
I LOAD UP WITH  
FUEL, COLONEL!

IF EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT, THIS XYZ-13  
WILL BE THE **FASTEST JET FIGHTER**  
IN THE WORLD!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO  
SET A SPEED-TYPE RECORD, SIR!

HEH, HEH!



GOOD  
LUCK!

SURE SEEMS LIKE  
A NICE LI'L OLD  
PLANE!

LITTLE DOES HE KNOW  
THAT I ONLY PUT IN **ENOUGH**  
FUEL TO GET HIM OUT **OVER**  
**THE DESERT!**



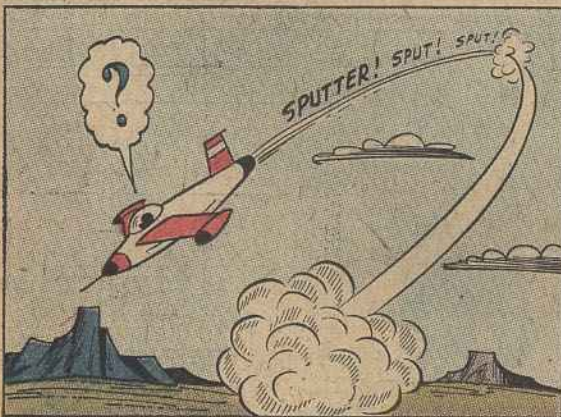
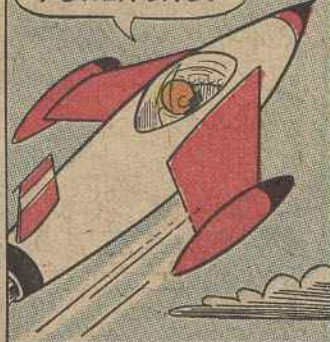
AND I'LL BE WAITING WHEN HE'S  
FORCED TO LAND! I CAN SELL THAT  
NEW JET ENGINE FOR MILLIONS!



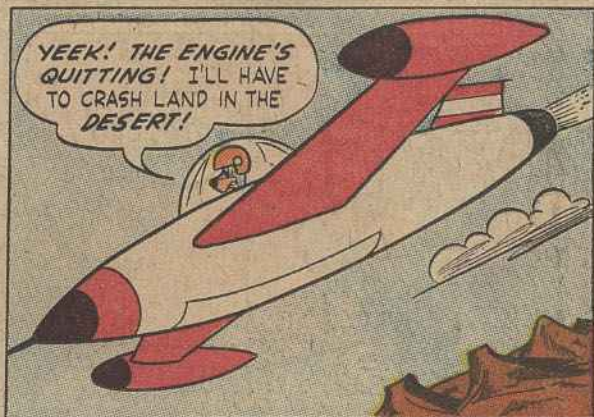
MAN! TWO THOUSAND MILES  
PER HOUR AND I HAVEN'T  
EVEN OPENED 'ER UP YET!



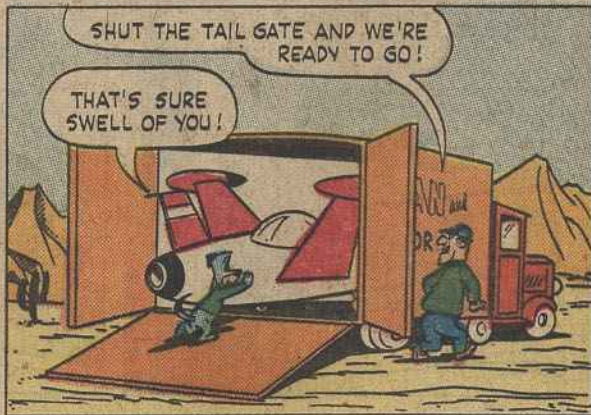
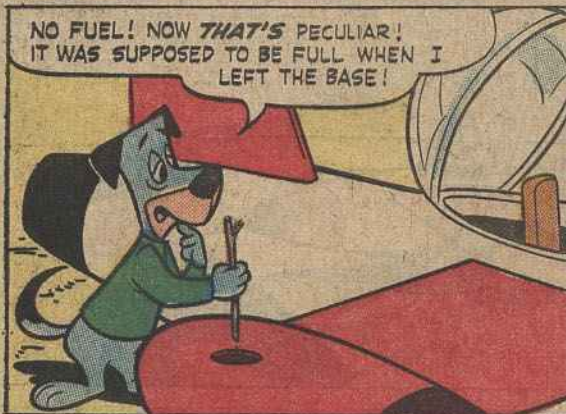
NOW I'LL TRY IT IN A  
**POWER DIVE!**



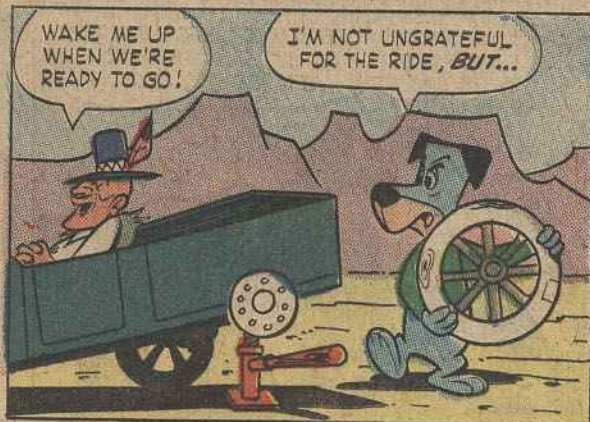
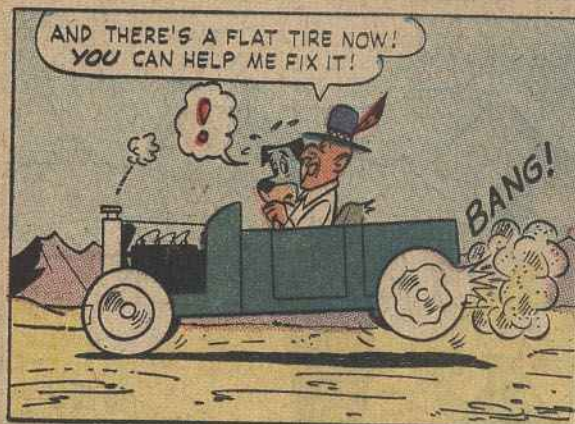
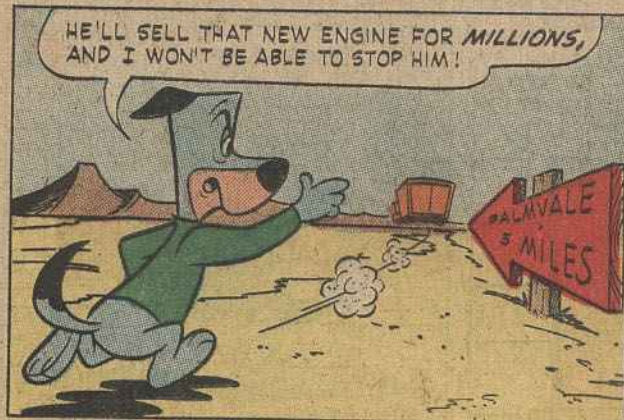
**YEEK! THE ENGINE'S  
QUITTING! I'LL HAVE  
TO CRASH LAND IN THE  
DESERT!**











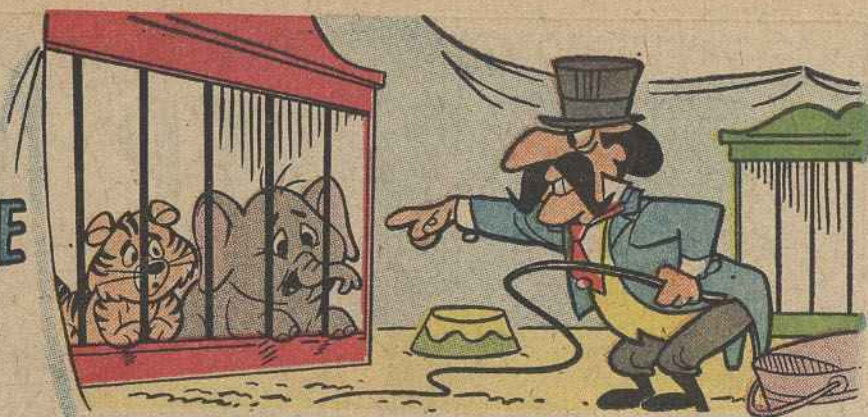


THREE HOURS AND FIVE FLATS LATER...





# PACKY JOINS THE CIRCUS



Packy, the forgetful little elephant, was nibbling some tender shoots, when he heard sounds of singing on the jungle trail:

"What could that be about?" he wondered.

Just then, a group of animals popped into view. In the lead was Butterball, a chubby baby tiger. Behind him were a zebra, a baby rhinoceros, and a grinning crocodile.

"Where are you going?" asked Packy.

"We're off to join the circus," replied Butterball. "If we join up, we get three meals a day, a nice place to sleep, and think of the popularity... we'll be famous."

"Wow!" cried Packy enthusiastically.

"Wow! That's for me. Can I come along?"

"Sure," all the animals cried.

So off they ran, for miles it seemed, until finally, they came to a large tent with a sign that read, "Circus Arena."

A smiling man, with a top hat and a big black mustache was standing just inside the tent. He invited them to come in.

The minute they were in the tent, he pulled a long whip from behind his back and cracked it over their heads.

"Get moving! Into that cage over there," he cried, cracking his whip again.

After they were in the cage, he chuckled, "Heh, heh! You foolish animals think you'll find a soft life at the circus. Well, you don't know Sam Sinister and his rules."

With that, he strolled away.

"Oh, my," moaned Packy. "I don't think I'm going to like circus life."

"And look at the animals in the other cages," said Butterball. "They look so sad."

Sure enough, all around them, in cages just like theirs, stood groups of animals, heads hanging droopily, eyes sad.

"We have to get out of here," Butterball

wailed loudly.

"Yeah," chorused the others, "but how?"

Packy began to think... after a bit, he brightened. He had remembered something.

Soon, the circus man, who had called himself Sam Sinister, came back.

"All right, you animals, let's see what kind of tricks you can do. You there, the little elephant... on your feet!" he yelled.

Packy stirred a little, then he began to cough. Sam Sinister cracked his whip over Packy's head, but Packy continued to cough.

"Maybe some water will fix you up," said the circus man, taking a bucket of water from a tank and offering it to Packy. "But that's all you're getting out of me until you learn to do some tricks."

Packy dipped his trunk into the water bucket. SLUURPPP! The water was all gone. Packy then tilted his head back, took a deep breath, and sprayed the whole bucket of water directly into Sam Sinister's face.

"SPLUT! GASP! GLURB!" cried Sam Sinister, who was knocked off balance by the force of the water. He fell to the ground, trying to wipe the water out of his eyes.

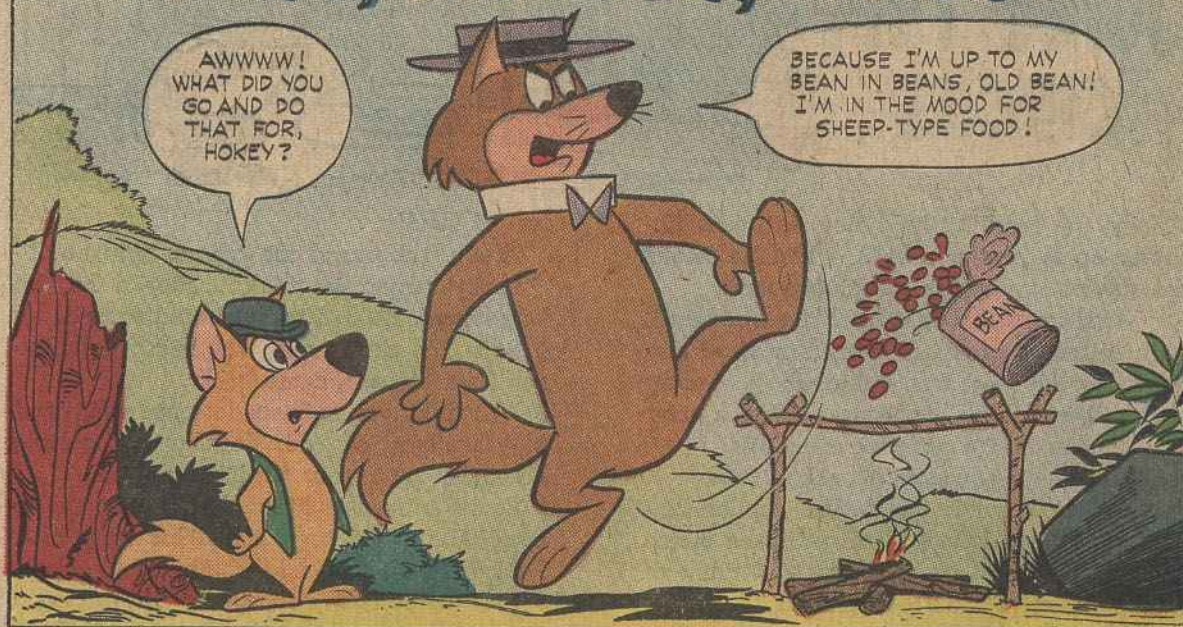
Packy and his friends scattered, running from cage to cage, freeing the trapped animals. When the job was done, the freed animals raced from the tent and headed home.

"Hooray for Packy, our hero," they sang, when they were well away from the circus arena. "Three cheers for Packy."

"That was a close one... too close," said Packy. "For a while I thought I'd forgotten everything my mother ever taught me, but suddenly I remembered that elephants have a trunk of tricks they can use when they are caught in a tight spot."



# HOKEY and DING-A-LING RUN, SHEEP, RUN



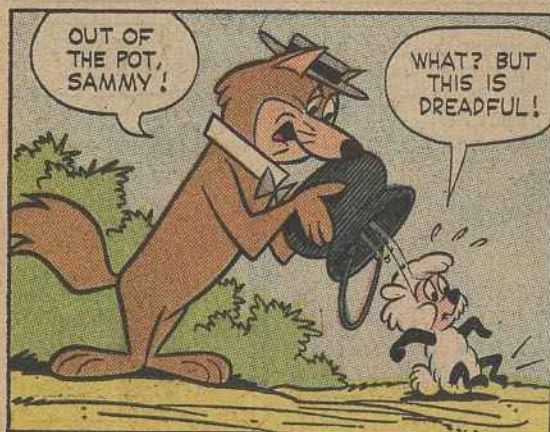








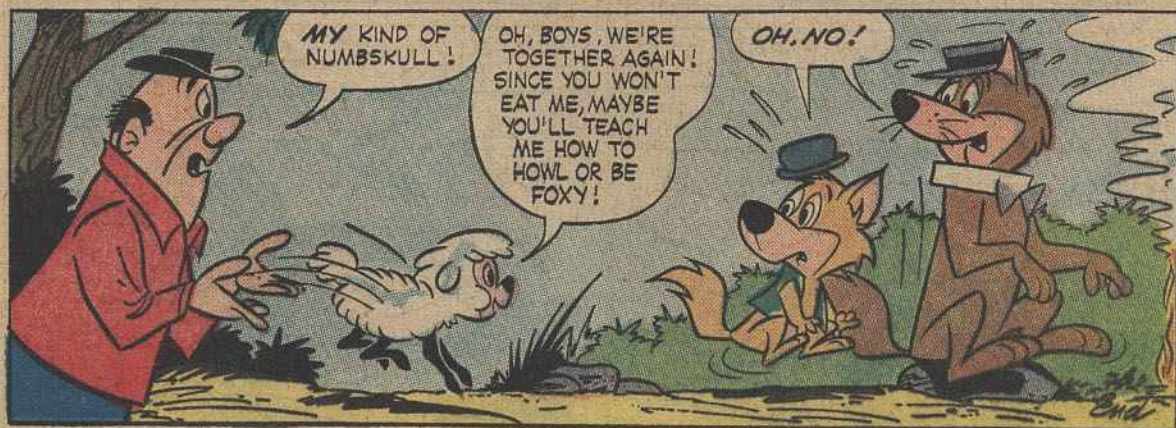








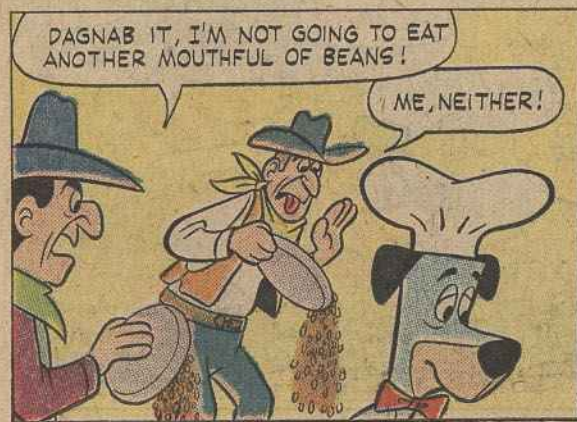






# Huckleberry Hound

# ON THE TRAIL







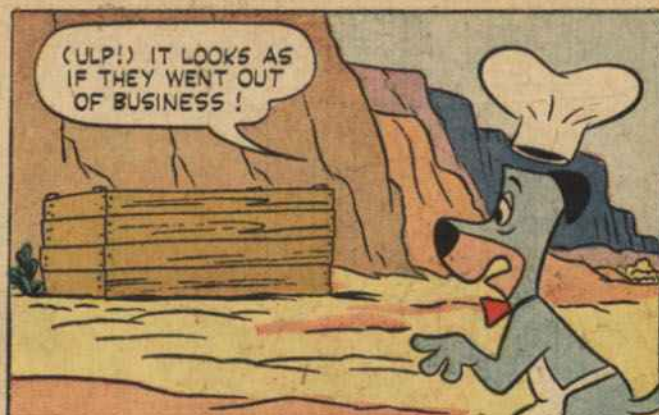














BY AND BY...

I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL PLUG HIM!  
IT'S A LONG HAUL TO DODGE CITY, AND  
WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM TO TELL TALES!

GEE, FELLERS, I STILL DIDN'T  
GET ANY DINNER! CAN'T I  
HAVE A LAST MEAL?

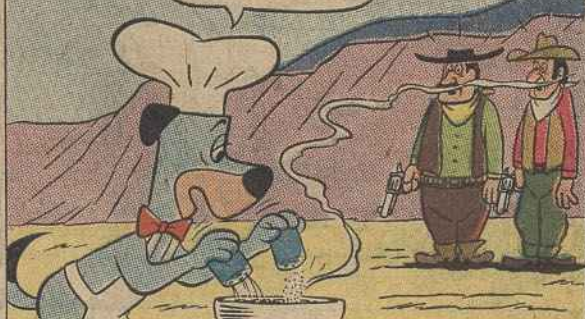


SURE! THAT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO! YOU'RE  
A COOK, SO FIX IT YOURSELF!

THANK YOU KINDLY!



LET'S SEE NOW... A LITTLE OF THIS AND A  
LITTLE OF THAT... THIS SHOULD BE READY  
IN A JIFFY!



MINUTES  
LATER...

YUMMY!  
HERE  
GOES!

SAY, THAT SMELLS  
PRETTY GOOD!

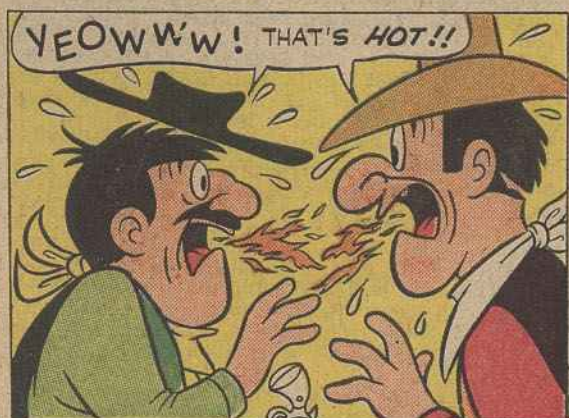


TOO GOOD TO WASTE ON YOU! LET'S DIG IN!

WHAT A COUPLE  
OF GREEDY  
GOBBLEERS!



MUNCH! MUNCH! SLURP!



YEOWWW! THAT'S HOT!!





STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Huckleberry Hound published bi-monthly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1961.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 555,548.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER,  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

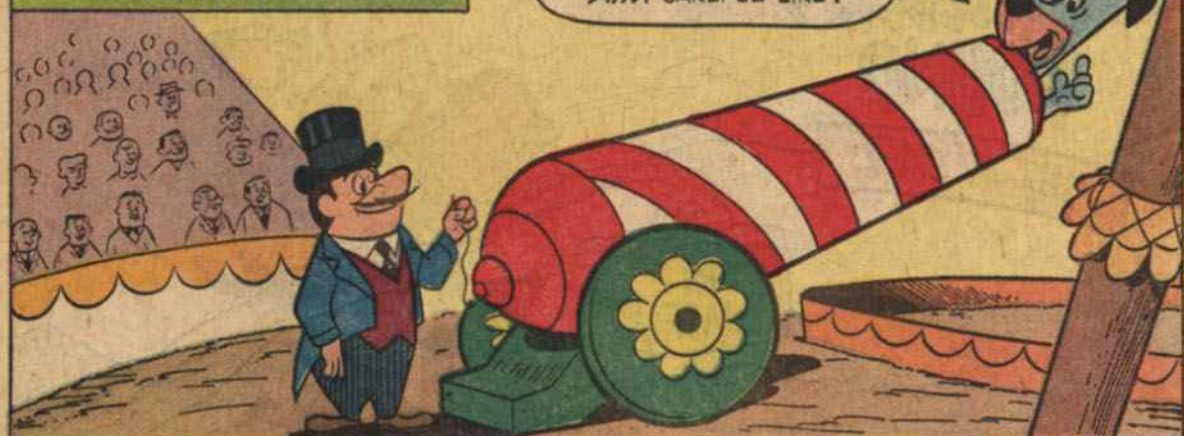
JOHN C. WEBER  
(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1962)



# Huckleberry Hound

LAST ACT

REMEMBER NOW...THIS IS  
THE LAST SHOW TONIGHT!  
AIM CAREFUL-LIKE!



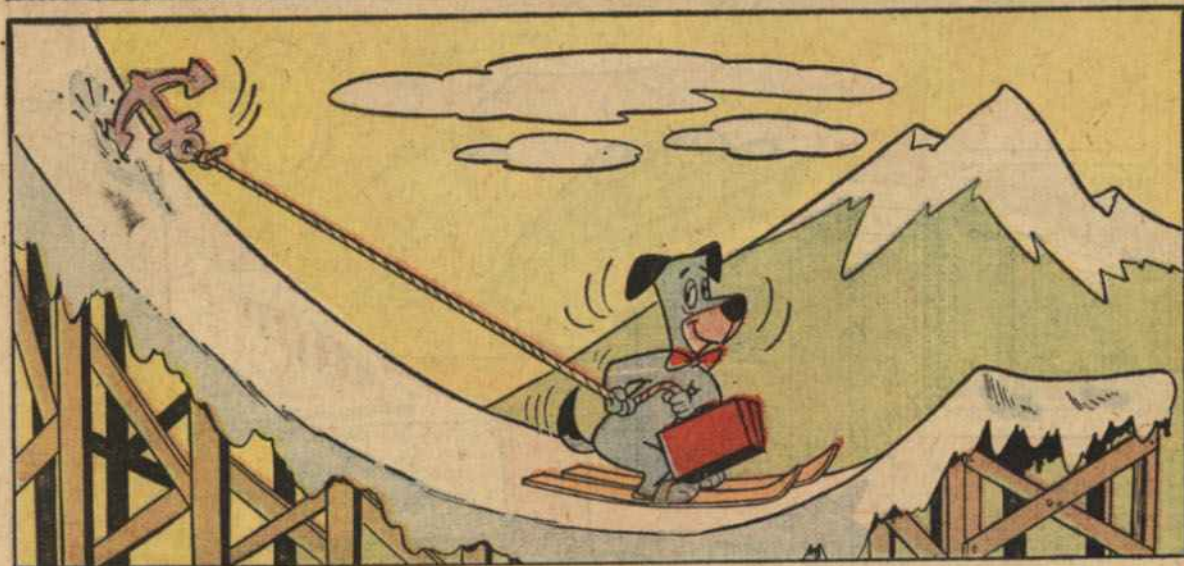
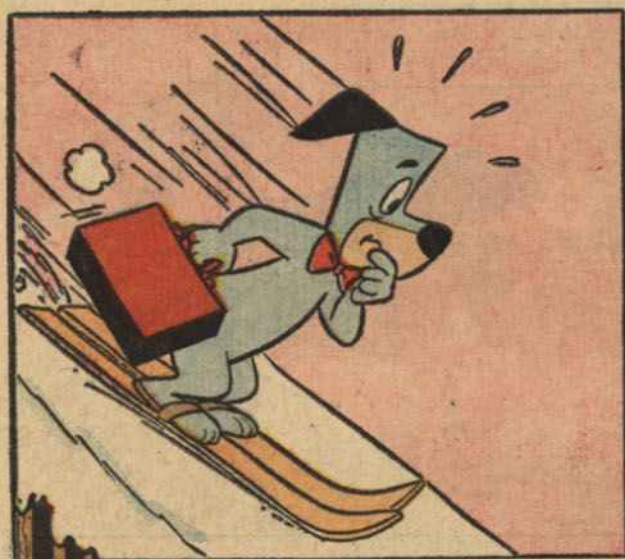
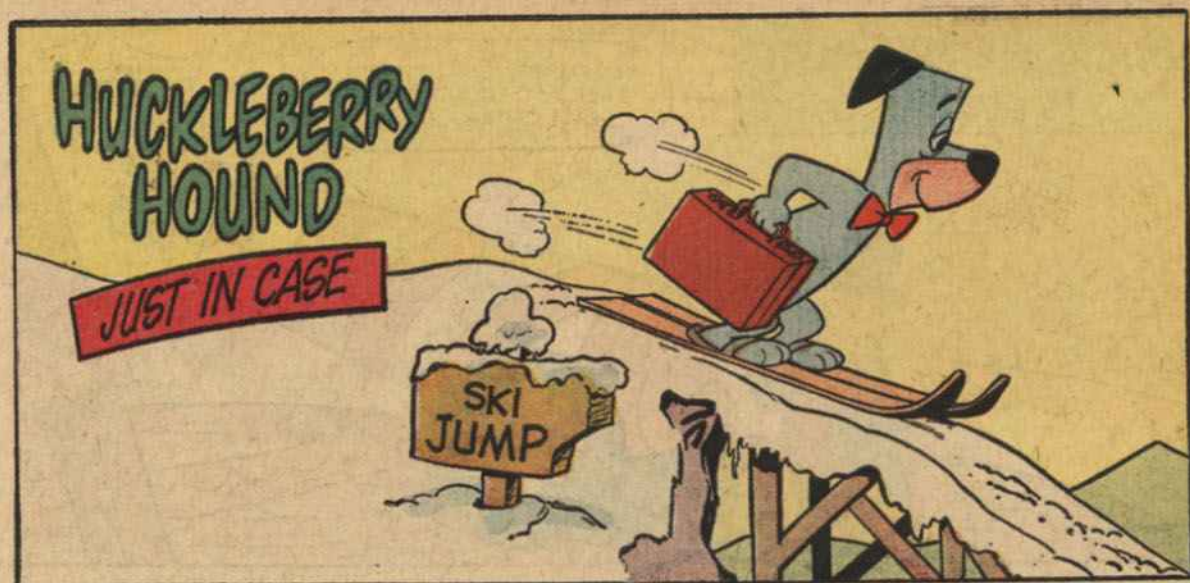
I SHORE 'NUFF CAN HARDLY  
WAIT TO GET HOME TO BED!



NICE SHOT!









# HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

BEHIND THE SCENE

